

Last Exit to Eden

by Nyx

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Summary: This is a rather juvenile for me, but I think that you'll like it.

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> By Nyx<p>

* Perspective 1 *

I took a wrong turn somewhere on this road of life. Sorry, ma'am, you were supposed to go /that way/. I think I know where it was.

It was the end of it all: the end of Hogwarts, the end of living with my best friends 24 hours a day. I could barely believe it. Us three stood on the platform as the cherry-red steam engine puffed away from the station for the very last time. I remember that it didn't sink in that I really wouldn't be coming back to school the next year until I saw you start to cry: not loudly (I know that you were embarrassed you cried at all) but enough that I could tell. I bit my lip and choked back the tears - I was thinking that I had to be strong enough for you and me, but it didn't work out that way.

I gave you a hug, trying to comfort you. I promised that I would send Rio - that was my owl - with letters every week. I swore that we'd always keep in touch. It didn't seem to help. Finally, you whispered in my ear. _Come away with me. _ I asked you where; you didn't know. All that seemed important was that I came with you - maybe that all three of us went - and we stayed together.

What was I supposed to say? Yes? Well, I guess that would've been the right answer, but although it was my first one it wasn't my final one. I hedged and shuffled my feet and finally reminded you that I had promises to keep. Ha. And miles to go before I sleep - yeah, right. Where did I go after that? Pretty much nowhere. I had missed

my last exit to Eden, the last chance for me.

And now I'm sitting here, old and grey and bitter, wondering where you are now, and if you are thinking of me. My brain is sure you've forgotten, but my heart says otherwise.

* Perspective 2 *

I took a wrong turn somewhere, somewhere on this road of life. Sorry, sir, but you were supposed to go /that way/. I don't know where it was.

I remember when it was the end of Hogwarts; the end of it all. I cried, despite the fact that I didn't want to seem like a baby, but you didn't take me for one: you just hugged me, trying to comfort me, but I didn't want to be comforted. You promised that you'd send Rio - your owl - with letters every week. You swore we'd always be in touch. I remember thinking, _if you swore that you'd always love me, maybe I'd stop crying._

Remembering, I recall wondering what you'd say if I asked you to come with me and realizing that if you say no, I won't have lost anything anyway. So I asked you. _Come away with me,_ I whispered in your ear as you held me. What were you supposed to say? Yes? Did I ever really believe that you'd want to come? There was so much out there for you, so many opportunities for that bright young student. You could've done anything. I remember how you hedged and tried to get out of answering before whispering the quiet 'no.'

Was that the last exit to Eden? A road that you denied me, a path you feared to take? I don't know. But now I sit here, old and grey and bitter, and wonder where you are now. Are you thinking of me? My brain is sure you've forgotten, but my heart says otherwise.

*finis.

A/N: This was fluff, or as close to fluff as I come. But it was *my* fluff, and I like it.

Disclaimer: I haven't mentioned any characters, but Hogwarts is mine. (Translation from NyxSpeak: Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry belongs to J.K. Rowling. Please don't sue me. My dog wouldn't appreciate a sudden change in ownership, and he's just about my only possession).

End
file.